UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson · Louis L. Mann · Curtis W. Reese

Religion and Science

By JESSE H. HOLMES

Mongolia, Land of Living Gods

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Charles Fletcher Dole

By JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS

Say So

By ROBERT WHITAKER

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapter XV—By M. K. GANDHI

VOLUME C · NUMBER 17

Chicago, January 2, 1928

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
Robert Collyer, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
Jenkin Ll. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Frances L. Rossiter, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages, containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action. Of unique value at this time are letters from China by Anna Louise Strong.

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700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1928 NUMBER 17

CHARLES F. DOLE

["*In peace out of him speaks the spirit of peace.*"]

A friend of man—nor ever was another
Who loved more truly every human brother.

Never a soul born of our common dust
Gave to his fellowman a deeper trust.

No bitterness of spirit marred his mind
Or lessened his compassion for mankind.

We who have loved him for his gentleness
Rejoice that in him courage dwelt no less.

He fought for truth, but to the conflict brought
Never a hateful word or bitter thought.

Good-will was his, and in the battle's end
He proved himself to every foe a friend.

A friend of man—no matter what it cost—
His golden dream of peace he never lost.

Death cannot rob us of so true a heart;
Of all immortal things his life is part.

Into all being does his being blend,
Of truth a lover, of mankind a friend.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Among the dead of 1927, UNITY mourns three of its ablest and most devoted editors. First to depart was FRANK C. DOAN, who, after his retirement from the ministry because of ill-health, used this paper as his exclusive medium of public utterance. His editorials will be long remembered for their poetic beauty and mystic exaltation. We rejoice to announce that unpublished articles of his, now in our hands, will appear from time to time. Next died GILBERT REID, far away in Shanghai, greatly beloved, and destined to immortality as "Friend of China" in the critical period of that nation's history. Lastly there passed that saintly soul, CHARLES F. DOLE, in the ripe wisdom of his eighty years. More than any other member of our staff, he embodied that radiant spirit of good-will and peace so preeminently characteristic of this paper during the great days of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. God rest these faithful friends, and keep their memories warm within our hearts!

Conspicuous among the dead of 1927 were clergymen honored and of wide fame. First among them all, perhaps, must be named DR. FRANCIS E. CLARK, world-famous as founder and leader of the Christian Endeavor Society. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT was one of the most distinguished of American clergymen, fearless in a radicalism which was always sane and never intolerant. The Lutherans mourned their venerable leader, DR. J. B. REMENSNYDER, and the Jews their New York rabbi, RUDOLPH GROSSMAN, dead in the fullness of his powers. The Unitarians suffered the heaviest loss in the passing of J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, of England, JASPER L. DOUTHIT, FRED V. HAWLEY, and SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS. Mention of Dr. Crothers, more famous as an author than as a preacher, brings us naturally to the field of literature. Here many familiar names are listed among the dead of the year just gone. Among these, abroad, are ALFRED OLLIVANT, JEROME K. JEROME, Sir SIDNEY COLVIN, Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, all Englishmen, and GEORG BRANDES, the immortal Dane. In this country we note the names of FRANK L. STANTON, poet, JOHN LUTHER LONG, dramatist, JAMES FORD RHODES and BROOKS ADAMS, historians, and CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM and JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD, novelists. Statesmen are, as usual, numerous—in China, the great reformer, KANG YU WEI; in Egypt, the great nationalist leader, SAID ZAGHOUL PASHA; in Italy, the "grand old man," LUIGI LUZZATTI; in Roumania, the premier, JAN BRATIANO; in England, LORD LANSDOWNE; in Ireland, JOHN DILLON; in America, LYMAN G. GAGE, ex-secretary of the treasury, SIMEON E. BALDWIN, JUDSON HARMON and HERBERT HADLEY, ex-governors respectively of Connecticut, Ohio, and Missouri, ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, ex-senator, HENRY WHITE, diplomat, and JAMES SMITH and JAMES NUGENT, of New Jersey, names destined forever to be associated with the career of Woodrow Wilson. Statesmen suggest soldiers—their business is much the same! Of these, Germany has buried GEN. MAX HOFFMANN, of Brest-Litovsk fame; England, GEN. REGINALD E. DYAR, of Amritsar infamy; Mexico, the two military bandits, GOMEZ and SERANO; and America, GEN. LEONARD WOOD.

In the field of education, we note the passing, in 1927, of famous college presidents—HARRY JUDSON, of Chicago University, IRA REMSEN, of Johns Hopkins, BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, of the University of California, CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, of Adelphi College, and winner of the Bok Peace Prize, and CHARLES D. WALCOTT, of the Smithsonian Institute. To these

should be added the name of the theologian and scholar, HENRY PRESERVED SMITH. Among editors, England mourned for J. ST. L. STRATCHEY, Germany for MAXIMILIAN HARDEN, and this country for E. P. MITCHELL, Dana's successor on the *Sun*. Among well-known actors were JOHN DREW, ARNOLD DALY, SAM BERNARD, BRUCE MCRAE, ROBERT HILLIARD, and AMELIA BINGHAM. One king died in 1927, FERDINAND, of Roumania, and an empress, the ill-fated CARLOTTA, of Mexico. In the world of art, we note GUY LOWELL, architect, and PAUL HELLIEU, painter; in the world of business, JUDGE GARY, CHARLES S. MELLON, and "GOLDEN RULE" NASH. Among other dead, difficult to classify, were ASHER GRINSBERG, famous Zionist; CHARLES E. RUTHENBERG, Communist leader; MARCUS LOEW, movie magnate; HUDSON MAXIM, inventor; WAYNE B. WHEELER, leader of the Anti-Saloon League; HENRY E. HUNTINGTON, millionaire art-collector; PAYNE WHITNEY, millionaire sportsman; COL. MAPLESON, opera impresario; CORPORAL TANNER, pension commissioner, famous for this exclamation, "God help the surplus"; FREDERICK T. STEINWAY, maker of the Steinway piano; ISADORA DUNCAN and MAURICE, dancers; MARCELLINE, the clown; and LIZZIE BORDEN, of the unforgettable Borden murder case. So this long list of names of the great, near-great, famous, and notorious, we add in conclusion the names of two humble alien workingmen, destined to be remembered, we believe, when all, or most, of these others are forgotten. We refer to NICOLA SACCO and BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI, foully slain by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on the night of August 22nd.

Let's be cheerful! Good things *do* happen, and victory is sometimes ours. For example, Russell Tremain has been returned to his parents. Our readers will remember this case as presented in our columns some weeks ago by Robert Whitaker. It is the case of the nine-year-old boy in the state of Washington who was taken away from his pacifist parents because they refused to allow him to salute the flag in public school. For two years Russell did not see his parents, who for much of this time did not even know their son's whereabouts. Just before Christmas, thanks to the order of Judge Hardin of the Superior Court, overruling the local judge, the boy was restored to his father and mother. Credit for this victory belongs to our fellow-editor, Sydney Strong, and our frequent contributor, Robert Whitaker, who led the fight. Next, the victory in Gary, Indiana, for our Negro brethren! It will be remembered that white students in the Emerson High School in that town went on strike to bring about the exclusion of colored students. The school authorities and the town government, cowed by the Ku Klux Klan, abjectly surrendered to this mob expression of Jim Crowism, and passed an ordinance appropriating $15,000 for a temporary building to house the ousted Negroes. This was the signal for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to arrive upon the scene. Under the militant leadership of nationally known Negro leaders, a legal battle was started in the courts in the form of a temporary injunction against spending tax-payers' money for this Jim Crow school. Instantly, white sentiment began to falter and palter. The Mayor of Gary discovered that the $15,000 appropriation was illegal. Finally, under the Mayor's urgent lead, the city council repealed the appropriation—and Negro students went right on with their studies at the Emerson High School! So let's be cheerful! Good things *do* happen, and victory is sometimes ours *when we organize and fight to the bitter end for what we know is right.*

So we are to build a new billion dollar navy. Only we aren't! The big navy men in Congress may write their bills, and President Coolidge may endorse them, and they may even stampede the House into passing them. But the Senate is to be heard from. The most vocal and also the most powerful element in the Senate is the so-called insurgent group. And after the Senate has talked itself out, and has voted, the navy is still to be built. In the meantime, also, the country is to be heard from. A billion dollars of naval construction authorized, is not a billion dollars appropriated, much less actually expended. Before the big navy men have spent their billion, a good many of them will not be there to spend or to vote to spend. The scare which the big navy group in the United States Congress are throwing into us grows less and less frightful as the rest of the world is heard from. The Baldwin government is learning that the big navy group in Parliament is not the British people; that they are voting "no war" with a vigor and determination which requires even Baldwin Toryism to sit up and take notice. No other sea-faring nation wants to build a big navy. Why should we put a billion dollars into "reeking tube and iron shard" which must reek on dreary training-grounds and rust in futile waste on parade and globe-circling joy rides? Even our incorrigible imperialists begin to realize that they are paying extravagant insurance premiums on an idle navy, when common decency in international relations costs little and is ten thousand times more effective as insurance against attack. The brazen subterfuges employed to support big navy policies are revealing. Such desperation would be unnecessary if the cause were not tottering to its fall. Even the house of Morgan is finding Will Rogers and Lindbergh more effective in diplomacy than all the navies and armies which the militarists might muster. The lesson of Mexico will not be lost. Bluster and the big stick are passé. A dependable airplane with a true-hearted lad

at the control stick will blast barriers to amicable international relations which big guns cannot scratch

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The question of the seating of Messrs. Smith and Vare in the United States Senate is not so simple as we are likely to think it. They are corrupt, and gained their elections to the Senate by corrupt methods. This no longer needs to be proved. But all or substantially all was known and was taken into account by the voters when they were elected. In the one case corruption in the primary had been proved in advance of the election, and in the other corruption was so well known that the voter must have been blind, deaf, dumb and insane who did not know who and what he was voting for. Yet they were elected! If they are not seated, two "sovereign" states will be for an indefinite period deprived of full representation in the most exalted legislative body in the land. How far is it Puritan intolerance which thus deprives whole commonwealths of the right to be wicked? How far should other senators censor the conduct of their associates? The Constitution gives the Senate the right to judge the qualifications of its members. How far should corruption and political venality, well known to the electors in advance, be used by the Senate as a test? Quite a number of the senators now sitting, and soon to vote upon the right of these corrupt politicians to a seat in their body, have themselves been challenged. How will these vote? Will they give tit for tat, or will they allow their fellow-feeling for "the poor devils" to control their votes? Granting that Congress and the various state legislatures have a right to disbar those whose methods and principles they disapprove, however securely elected by their constituencies, where does the proper exercise of that right end? Victor Berger was shut out of the House, and his district left unrepresented, because a majority of the members of the then sitting House did not like his Socialism. A group of New York City representatives were disbarred from the New York State legislature for similar reasons. Will it become proper for dark-haired Mediterraneans to exclude fair-haired Nordics from our legislative bodies, or *vice versa*, because they do not approve of them? This is a baffling world.

Concession to both extremes, in the revision of the Anglican Prayer Book, has met the not uncommon fate of compromises. Neither party is satisfied. The dissatisfaction of the Protestants came to a head in the adverse vote of the House of Commons the other day. The Anglo-Catholics, at the other extreme, had grumblingly accepted the revision as the best they could get for the present, but with unconcealed determination to take an ell where had been given an inch. It was this open secret which appears to have bestirred the Protestant element in the Commons to declare the truce broken, and to resume the fight. They might always count on their side the Non-Conformists, and, as the event proved, representatives of the Scottish and Irish national churches who are jealous of the Anglicans for their status as *the* Church. Some believe with rejoicing or with fear, according to predilections, that the end will soon be the disestablishment of the Anglican Church. That, it would seem to a phlegmatic realist, is a visionary hope or a hobgoblin fear. The chief warrant for the hope is the fact that elements of both extremes entertain it. But their motives are so different as probably to clash and nullify each other's endeavors in the end. There is prodigious inertia to be overcome. Human, and especially British, nature being what it is, and institutions being set as they are in the British social economy, the Anglican Church would seem destined to continue for many a day. A society which can support against present economic and political odds the swarming British royal family will count the odds in favor of abandoning the religious establishment for a long time before the odds against shall outnumber them. Though we have no problem like it here, American imagination can appreciate the situation in Britain. We have grown lethargic amid the snores of sectarian groups, snoozing peacefully under the bonds of ludicrously belated traditions. The only odd feature about the British situation is that the national official stamp is put upon religious medievalism. We have the same thing without the official stamp.

Religion and Science

I do not see how any honest person can question the statement that formal religion, as represented by the various Christian Churches of the western world, has largely lost its power and authority with the men and women of our time. And I think it should be added that its lack of power and authority is deserved because it has as a whole ceased to stand for anything, or to mean anything, more than a vague and conventional respectability in a conventional middle class. Unfortunately this decay of religion has not been accompanied by the development of any other influence capable of organizing and directing our emotional life. The field is not wholly unoccupied. Among the laboring classes the Union calls for an emotional dedication to the welfare of a group which is characteristic of religion at its best. Others center their devotion about the effort to establish world peace, or other movements for human betterment. With a large number a kind of indefinite loyalty to scientific truth, however partially understood, has an undertone of emotion which might

be called religious. There are also very many worthy devotions which illustrate the erratic flow of ill-directed emotion, due to the lack of a religion suited to the needs of our times. A very large group of comfortable and rather idle people emancipate themselves from the responsibilities and difficulties of the world by certain cults, which by denying the reality of evil render it unnecessary to make any effort at improvement. There is of course a very real satisfaction for those who are comfortable and happy, in putting an emotional drive behind the belief that "all is right as right can be." The persuasion that the apparent misery of the world is only apparent, and needs only a resounding "No!" to the question, "Are we downhearted?", cannot but be a pleasing one to any humane spirit. Probably nothing shows more plainly the futility of the Christian Church machine than the violent emotional hatreds of the war time, which it did nothing to moderate and which it frequently approved and supported. "Hundred per-cent"ism, the Ku Klux Klan, the Nordic hysteria, and other unintelligent and undirected enthusiasms make it plain that there is an enormous amount of human driving power that is going to waste and much of it is tending actively to the wrecking of what has already been won for a worthy civilization.

Now the spirit of our time is essentially scientific. It can best be moved by setting before it definite ends to be attained, and developing the enthusiasm of groups in striving toward those ends. Such ends the Church wholly lacks, since "salvation" from mythical hells has lost its appeal, and the half-hearted attempts to find a substitute have amounted to very little. Moreover the Church is heavily handicapped by its historical hostility to science and to the scientific spirit, an attitude which is still maintained by a considerable portion of its membership, so that when an effort is made to clearly determine and express definite ends for religion it is met with distrust and opposition, and is labelled "unspiritual." Yet it is surely unnecessary to set science and religion in opposition, if each can be induced to keep to its own grounds and to respect the rights of the other. In "The Dance of Life," Havelock Ellis says, "by 'science' we mean the organization of an intellectual relationship to the world we live in adequate to give us some degree of power over that world and by 'mysticism' (which is the soul of religion) we mean the joyful organization of an emotional relationship to the world conceived as a whole." If this is true then the two should supplement each other, but only on condition that religion recognizes its inability to determine "truth" and accepts ungrudgingly the authority of the scientist in all matters depending on the weighing of evidence, or determined by experiment and observation. But the representative of religion has also his specialty wherein the scientist should show the same deference he demands in his own field, and that is in the region of values. The master words of the scientist are "true" and "false," those of religion are "good" and "bad"; the one would prove the truth, the other would establish the right. The one is primarily concerned with the answering of questions, or the solving of problems, the other with the attaining of chosen ends. Science collects, classifies and arranges the truths of the world, presenting them to mankind as "goods" and "bads," as in a great, well-ordered department store. Religion picks and chooses those goods adapted to the making of the kind of life it elects as of the greatest value. But unfortunately religion has seldom been willing to confine itself to its job, and lacking the methods of science, or indeed any reliable methods, of determining or proving the "truth," has claimed authority to assert and enforce unproved and unprovable creeds dealing with both nature and history. Frequently religion has been able to make use of the forces of governments to oblige men to accept its dicta, and to enforce pains and penalties for refusal. The scientist has thus been obliged to yield in many cases or to suffer for his methods or his results. He has frequently been forced into a position of opposition to religion, or if not that to one of indifference; while religion, having in many cases taken untenable positions with regard to scientific truth, has settled into an attitude of vague distrust and hostility toward the sciences. Religion has been obliged by slow degrees to abandon altogether the fields of astronomy, physics, chemistry, and others that have approached exactness in their results, but it still intrudes upon the less developed sciences such as biology, psychology, and especially theology and history. But these last are sciences just as much as the others, and only the methods of science with its rigorously exact thinking, and its absolutely impartial attitude to results, have any legitimate place in formulating them. So that the religions are partially based on pseudo science, on inexact science, on false science, and bring to bear on their assumed positions an emotional violence which cannot but result in a feeling of contempt on the part of those accustomed rather to seek for the impersonal "truth" than to seek to prove that he already attained to it. Such problems for instance as that of evolution set over against the theory of special creation involve scientific methods,—the accumulation, arrangement and interpretation of facts,—and religion has no preparation or capacity for dealing with the matter. So also with the problem as to whether the world was created by a person who is carrying out certain plans, and is especially interested in the doings and thinkings of the human race.

As a consequence of this mistaking the function of religion, the field of choice and purpose, and the developing of means for attaining chosen ends, has been largely neglected, lacking any great unified organization in its service. There can hardly be question of the proposition that Christianity aims at attaining the great-

est possible happiness for the greatest possible number of people. And equally unquestioned perhaps, would be the statement that Christianity proposes as the method of attaining this end, an organization of society based on general good will of each for all. These are sufficiently distinct as end and means to allow those who adopt them to call in the scientist to assist in planning, in experimenting, in checking up results, and also to put all their power and enthusiasm into an evangelism for the purpose of getting all men to join in the task. But the Christian Church has never seen clearly enough what it was driving at, to attain to any unity on this or any other purpose. On the whole, the pace of the world is being set by the people of the "Christian" lands, so that we have today a kind of chaotic world with vague, ill-defined purposes, with uncertain leadership, dominated by the motive of acquisitiveness.

It seems to the writer under these conditions, that there would be value in an attempt to state clearly and accurately the facts of the sources of our religion, the principal influences of its growth and development, and its present tendencies, to the end that we may fairly face the duty of choosing the kind of world we want and proceed intelligently with the task of getting it. Within the necessary limits of the external world I believe we can have almost anything we want if we go about it with clear vision and with enthusiasm rightly belonging to those who build. The Society of Friends is in a position of special advantage for this world service. What it lacks is "concerned Friends."

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

Henry L. Stimson, as Governor-General of the Philippines, is an improvement over Leonard Wood. But he is by no means a *great* improvement. President Coolidge might have gone farther and fared better.

Apply the word "murder" to all *killings,* such as war, capital punishment, and so-called automobile accidents, and it becomes evident that murder is not really a crime, but, in its more common phases at least, a popular sport.

Our hat is off to Ambassador Morrow in Mexico. His idea of using Lindbergh and "Will" Rogers as typical Americans, instead of a lot of admirals, generals, diplomatic flunkies, and concessionaire seekers, is a stroke of genius. A few more ideas like this, and the day of peace and human brotherhood will be here.

Our sympathy goes out to the senators and editors and other good Americans who didn't get that money that Mr. Hearst has made so much noise about. Think of being named in the same alleged despatch with a million or even a few thousand dollars, and then not seeing so much as one cent of the coin! Alas, what a tragedy!

Those persistent Republicans, who insist upon drafting Mr. Coolidge for another presidential term, seem to be acting upon the principle which was present in Woodrow Wilson's mind when he said of the national Conscription Act, in 1917, that it was in no sense "a conscription of the unwilling." May be so! But we doubt it as thoroughly in the one case as in the other.

What's the biggest religious question in the world today? The question of the "real presence" in the eucharist, of the Anglican Church. *And this is Christianity two thousand years after the death of Christ!*

J. H. H.

Mongolia, Land of Living Gods

We have been a week in Urga, repairing motor cars and seeing the strange contrasts which this land presents, from the Revolutionary Party Congress in the new People's House on the one hand to the Living Gods of an old theocracy on the other. The background for it all lies in the vast desert spaces over which we traveled from the northwest of China to reach this place.

We had come from the Yangtze Valley, one of the most thickly populated sections of the earth. For days we passed through hills and plains seeing not a town, not a village, only an occasional distant round tent of camel's felt, known as Yurta, or a solitary horseman tending sheep and cattle on the hillsides. Sometimes a day would pass, in which not even these appeared, in the regions where wells were more than a hundred miles apart.

The first day of our journey on leaving Ningsia in China brought us to the charming town of Wang Yeh Fu, the very last trading outpost on the way into southern Mongolia, and the most fascinating settlement I have seen in all China, with high wall, picturesque monasteries, set in a circle of hills and rivers. Leaving Wang Yeh Fu, we plunged at once into wilderness. Yet our road was better than at any time in the thickly populated part of China. A camel track, now become an auto track, across vast empty plains, it was possible at times to attain forty miles an hour on this natural highway. At other times we ran into sands which caused much slower going.

The first three hundred miles of the road from Wang Yeh Fu to Urga leads across a country known as Alashan, part of Inner Mongolia. Here one expects much trouble from sand, culminating in what was described to us as a Sand Mountain, across which we should have to be dragged by camels. We took the Sand Mountain with a grain of salt, until we saw it. It was a marvelous spectacle. Six miles across, ridge upon ridge of sand-dune, rising ever higher and higher, truly impassable for autos under ordinary conditions.

We, however, were favored by the only rainfall for five years, according to the local authorities of Wang Yeh Fu. Our way across the lesser preliminary sands was most happily timed. Here we ran through temporary ponds which almost halted us by their depth, and again in a few yards skidded through deep dry sands. Had the road been either dryer or wetter, we should have stuck in one place or the other; as it was, we passed all handicaps successfully.

On arriving at the last six miles of sand dunes, our guide said: "I go with the first machine; you follow with each auto five minutes apart. Keep near my tracks, but not in them; go fast and do not stop to help any other auto. If possible, do not stop for anything till you cross the Sand Mountain." The reason for this hard counsel was that beneath the top three inches of dry sand lay a thin crust of sand hardened by rain. No one knew how much this thin crust would hold, but we all knew that if we broke through into the limitless dry sand beneath, we were stuck perhaps for days. As it happened, two autos stuck, but not seriously.

Beyond the Sand Mountain came endless plains and hills, chiefly hard surface, often forty miles of hard gravel, sometimes miles of black hills and valleys, then a high grassy mountain down which we coasted.

Two nights we had to camp without water, but we had come with large iron cans in our autos, so we did not suffer, except from the extreme cold, which penetrated every part of the body, and seemed to go through furs and blankets alike. At other times we were able to stop in a Mongol Yurta, and once in a Chinese trading post near a monastery. It reminded me of early Hudson Bay history—chiefly beads and cheap silver and leather trappings and bright colored cloth—to exchange for sheepskins, furs and camel's wool.

I shall never forget that last descent into Urga, across a hundred miles of mountains, not sharp and jagged as are most of our mountains, but mighty rolling hills covered with grass. As sunset and sunrise and morning mist followed each other, we seemed to be dropping down through great planetary spaces, with the curve of the earth far below us, and beyond it the curves of other worlds. Then we made a last mad dash for the city, which our little Dodge sedan entered a few minutes ahead of any other car, passing them all during the last sixty miles.

Urga itself lies beautifully situated, on a swift mountain river, in a basin of the hills. On one side is the Holy Mount, where, by Buddhist tradition, no living creature may be killed. Therefore, when criminals are doomed to die in Urga, they must be taken a long journey away from the city, until they are out of sight of the mountain. The Holy Mount itself serves as a natural park for all varieties of wild animals, which occasionally become rather annoying to passersby. It is a large mountain, some twenty miles across the base in either direction, but not more than a thousand feet above Urga. It is crowned with green pines and yellow larches, making an exquisite autumn picture.

The town itself is dirty but not without picturesquenesss. Of its population of 70,000 to 80,000, it is said that 30,000 are Chinese, 4,000 Russians, nearly 20,000 Buddhist priests or Lamas, and the rest ordinary Mongols. Two great monasteries occupy a large part of the city space. One of these, the Gandon, is the chief university of Mongolia; the other goes in for mysticism instead of learning, and is the haunt of pilgrims, who measure their length on the ground in prayer, or turn endless prayer wheels.

I was given a few figures about Mongolia. As large as England, France and Germany combined, it has from 600,000 to 1,000,000 people; no one knows how many, as they are nearly all nomads. Half the males (some say 75 per cent, but this is probably excessive) are said to be Lamas, or Buddhist monks. Of these half find a home in monasteries, the rest are begging pilgrims. During our trip through the desert, when we saw not a town nor village, we passed several monasteries, crammed with men and small boys.

The Minister of Education told me that I was wrong in considering the Mongols illiterate. "Though a nomad folk," he said, "one-third of all the males can read and write. . . . Only," he added with a smile, "not in their own language." He referred to the monastery learning which is in the Thibetan language, and consists of religious philosophy, Thibetan medicine, astrology, mystics, etc. In these subjects a very great learning exists, comparable to the scholasticism of the Middle Ages. In the Gandon monastery, the department of philosophy takes twenty years' study to finish and is not completed till middle life. Those who take it are very learned men. Only, their learning is no earthly use.

However, it is not designed to be of earthly use, as the earth is created by the devil anyway, and salvation lies in getting free from it. The Minister of Education told me with a smile (he is a delightfully tolerant person) of how some 5,000 young Mongols are now in government elementary schools, established during the past three years by the Revolutionary government, learning reading, writing, arithmetic and "your European form of geography." "Up at the monastery," he added, "they teach a different form of geography." He related the difficulty he had in preparing the first spherical map of the world in the Mongolian language.

"But do they think the earth is flat?" I asked.

"Oh," he smiled, "one school of philosophers hold that the earth is flat and one that it is round; but all of them hold that the shape of the earth is unimportant, since the earth is an illusion of the devil anyway. The only thing about the earth that any of them bother about is its relation to the planets. These also are illusions, but a superior form of illusion. There is at least a school of astrology. They are very gifted in extremely high mathematics and know the phases of the moon and the dates of eclipses with extreme exactitude, but they are not interested in the geography of Asia or the relation of China, Russia and Mongolia. "However," he added, "they knew the Theory of Relativity long before Einstein. All human knowledge is relative."

"The Lamas say," he went on, "that if the Americans and Europeans think the earth is round, that is quite true, but if other folks think it flat, that also is relatively true!" His whimsical glance indicated that he

found some merit in the argument. To tell the truth, so did I. So much merit that I asked him why he thought Mongolia needed European schools, since they had so much learning of their own.

We must be able to meet the rest of the world (he said). At present the most learned Lama is helpless before the strangely different culture of the West, which comes to us whether we will or not. And then, your natural sciences (here he picked up a microscope), this instrument shows me that there are living organisms in a drop of water. The Lamas say they knew that already, deductively, since there is life universally in everything. But I think the information of the microscope is (he smiled again) perhaps not absolute, but in this world of relative knowledges, it is relatively more exact!

For all Minister Batukhan's tolerance and understanding of the Lama's arguments, he is an inveterate worker for European knowledge. He has sent forty students this past year to Germany and France and thirty to Russia. They are learning technical information, in schools which he himself personally examined. They learn to make maps, to set type, to tan leather, to weave cloth, and the many other arts and industries which are new to these nomad folks.

During the past week I have witnessed two important Mongolian events. The annual Congress of the Revolutionary People's Party, which three years ago deposed a living God from his throne in Mongolia and formed a democratic government. And the dancing of the Tsam, a religious mystery drama, in a mountain monastery which is still a center of religious and political reaction whose head is also one of the living Gods of Mongolia, and where a newly born God of some six years was solemnly presented to an ecstatic throng. Such are the contrasts of Mongolia.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

Urga, Sept. 28.

Charles Fletcher Dole

In a discussion I had long ago, a one-time member of his congregation—very prominent in this neighborhood—ended with the words long familiar to us—"the only trouble with Dole is that he is really a Christian."

More than once since then I heard the term applied to him by others.

Oftener still the word was "saint," spoken with heightened significance because it followed hard upon some personal disparagement. Then, after the spleen of the critic, came the concession, "But after all, the man is a saint."

I submit that these high terms of "saintliness" "really a Christian" and the like, are quite inadequate. They leave too much of his sanity and disciplined practical intelligence unaccounted for.

In a friendship of more than a half century, I came to know him as I knew few men. For the greater issue, the common phrase was perfect, "You always knew where to find him." You knew that every utterance and every act would be as severely close to the truth of things as, in his view, was humanly possible. You knew that no flattery, no smug cajoleries could be wrung from him. You know how instinctively he avoided all florid over-statement. How many have we known who lived more serenely in the spirit—caring first for ideas rather than for sensations and creature comforts?

He had wide culture but how utterly without pedantry or pretense. Of whom are we more certain that for his deeper beliefs there was no threat or danger he would not have faced. All these things we came to know as we knew the tones of his voice and the lines of his face. But for the innumerable lesser perplexities which divide opinion, he was full of surprises. The sobriety of his judgment; the range and variety of his intellectual acquisitions were known only after a good deal of intimacy. He had ample resources of cool practical sagacity. On the whole host of thorny, concrete questions—divorce, crime and its punishment, race contacts, prohibition, taxation and the like, he did not have to extemporize. From study and reflection he had what we term "considered opinions."

It was the strength and also the danger and sometimes weakness of these opinions that he applied to things concrete some large general principle that was structurally a part of his life philosophy.

As in his own person, he was "all of a piece," so evenly the same in a playful mood or in a mountain walk as he was in the pulpit, so his world outlook was upon a scene good and harmonious to the very marrow of it. Everywhere was unity.

Carlyle said of Tennyson, "Alfred always carries round with him a bit of chaos turning it into Cosmos." That was Dole, save that in his thought, the Cosmic order was in every fiber of it divine handiwork. Our task was so to live as to perceive the truth of it. If there were devils, they were rather in our suspicions and fears than in the nature of things. He had vision, but the half-condescending word "visionary" described even less of the man than "saint" or "Christian."

"Idealist," yes, but the great and ancient words, "I Wisdom dwell with Prudence" also fitted him. We see this in the easy skill with which he could put very radical thought into terms of such spiritual elevation as to embarrass the objector. A friend had this trait in mind in the comment which I heard, "Dole flies so high that the critic can't reach him." The great Realist Bismarck loathed idealists and said so. He left us luckily his definition of the word, "An idealist is a man who *thinks* more than he *acts*." How many have we known whose thought and act were more at one than Dole's?

In his theology as in his economics, he could moreover show this daring without in the least losing his head.

How splendidly free he was from the feeble but noisy hysterias that strut among us under patriotic heraldry or as one hundred percent Americanism!

More than once, I heard flung at him that sorry insipidity "Bolshevist"! No man was ever more widely and sharply separated from all that Bolshevism stands for. It was the very essence of his message to preserve the free spirit and exclude force. The vulgar tyrannies of Communist leadership in Russia were as odious to him as were Mussolini's savage hounding of his opponents.

Is it due to dull wit or lack of imagination that our race seems never to learn that higher and rarer spiritual

qualities are looked upon in their time as dangerous, wholly impracticable and more or less wicked?

From the very greatest, like Jesus and Socrates to the present hour this is true. There is not an angered criticism I ever heard against Dole that in my youth I did not many times hear against Emerson. And thus we too have to confess it.

It was here in the extremer application of his high faith to the whole prickly tangle of human and national contacts that so many of us, who held our friend in highest honor, were honestly staggered by practical misgivings.

He held his faith with a serenity and heroic assurance that made it hard to draw from him the slightest substantial concession to human ignorance and perversion. Whatever their frailties, he believed men could be trusted to respond to a far higher spiritual approach. Nothing was so acute with disappointment to him as the wide practical skepticism of educated men on this point especially among so many foremost citizens. He knew there could be no end to the rank imbecilities of war until men accepted and learned to practice this greater confidence in their fellows.

During the great carnage, Dole watched with almost envious eagerness the brave and Christlike service of the Quakers. Here were men and women who not only talked peace but, at whatever cost to themselves, practiced it. They carried the great message of Peace and Good-will among men to every point on the drenched areas where needs were bitterest. "See," he said to me, "how it works when men take the risks and give it a chance!" When I asked him why he did not join the Quakers, he said merrily that he didn't have to —implying, I think, that he couldn't recall a time when he wasn't of that faith.

The impressive total of the Quakers' attitude and service through the recent tragic years is the best practical embodiment of Dole's spirit that is known to me. What religious branch or sect came out of the war with spiritual cleanness quite so unquestioned as did that gallant membership?

Always this challenge was on his lips, "Tell me when and where this more generous spirit has been wisely and prudently tried out, that it did not work."

I had many an affectionate tiff with him on this point, but never without a haunting wonder whether he may not have reached elevations where he saw further and with clearer eye than his doubting critics.

One thing we do not doubt, that if among the rough actualities of the world, the foundations of this high faith of his are still far from secure, the dignity and significance of life for us all is deepened and enriched in that one has lived to so fearlessly and so nobly in our midst. JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

Say So

Russell Tremain has been restored to his father and mother.* This heart-cheering victory for faith and freedom has been won without any slightest surrender of conviction, or any slacking of courage upon the part of the parents. It has been won without resort to violence in any form, even the appeal to law. It is a demonstration of rare obviousness and significance as to the power of a well directed and widespread publicity, without organized capital or official prestige behind it. Especially is it significant of the opportunity of our day to employ a hitherto almost unavailable ally, international publicity.

How many have contributed to this success it is impossible to say, nor is there any way of measuring just whose contribution was most immediately effective. The question of credit is of little consequence, and no one who has a right reaction to social service will be concerned about it. Yet this I am glad to concede and emphasize, that the readiness with which the *Manchester Guardian,* the great English liberal paper, published our statement of facts and appeal, and the fact that notable English people were already making their protests known to the Washington authorities from what they had learned through the previous publicity sent out by American liberal papers, undoubtedly had much to do with the back-down of the Washington flageoleters. They dared not face an outraged world-opinion.

However, this article is written neither to praise those who helped nor to criticise those who blundered. Not that I believe in "forgiving and forgetting" in the social field. We must no more let the Russell Tremain case die than the Sacco-Vanzetti case. In both instances there are reasons for carrying on of vastly more consequence than the personal or incidental items involved. Forced flag worship in the public schools must go, as must go the whole horrible social atrocity of capital punishment. We have only begun our protest at both points.

But it is an immediate and definite program of cooperative endeavor on behalf of more effective social protest all along the line which is the inspiration of this article. The matter has been with me a "concern" for years, to use a quaint and beautiful Quaker term. During all my twelve years' ministry at Los Gatos, the outstanding church experience of my life, it was a continuous study with me, and an occasion of unceasing experimentation. My months in jail in Los Angeles in 1918 were lightened for me by my dreams along this line, and certain tentative delineations of possible methods of reaching the ends I had in view, out of which seekings my dreams came. In New York City in 1920 I consulted at some length with the circulation managers of the *Nation,* the *World Tomorrow,* the *New Republic,* and the *Survey* as to what could be done. But the problem was beyond me, as I had neither the time, the money, the physical strength, nor the organizing ability to carry out my plans, too inchoate and impracticable then. I am still in the mood of inquiry and the stage of experimentation. But the Russell Tremain experience has precipitated this much of my thinking, and the deposit I am going to give to the readers of this paper in a few words.

The problem is how to get to the American people, and to the world people for that matter, the facts which they need to know for intelligent and effective social action, and the comment upon such facts which is actually being made by the most intelligent and truly social-minded thinkers among us. To put it more concretely, *How can we get into the hands of the people*

*See Mr. Whitaker's letter, explaining this case, in the November 14th issue of UNITY.—Editors.

such publications as those I have named above, and other periodical literature the reading of which by a sufficient number of our people would give us an awakened and regenerative public opinion?

Now one of my obstacles, I frankly admit, is that I have been too much interested in what I had to say myself, and in finding some publication or publications through which I could say it. So in the first instance I contented myself with the opportunity which was given to me to write the editorial page of *The Pacific Baptist,* which service I did week by week, without remuneration, for eight years, 1900-1908. By that time I had grown beyond them, and found more to my taste the freedom that I had in the column of the San Francisco *Star,* till after the big San Francisco fire. This was a Single-tax journal, of singular independence and unusual usefulness, which cost its publisher $25,000 in the twenty-five years he published it, despite his extraordinary opportunities to get it before the public. Later I tried two or three publications of my own, particularly *The Insurgent,* a small 32-page pamphlet periodical, much like Elbert Hubbard's *Philistine* in size and appearance. This ran for two years, monthly, September, 1910, to August, 1912. Other less or more ambitious experiments I made, and from December, 1924, to September, 1926, nearly two years I was editor in chief of *The Open Forum* in Los Angeles, on the editorial staff of which I still have a place.

This personal review is given to justify the comment I am about to make. The comment can be summarized under these three items: First, the bane of progressive publicity is the over-anxiety of all liberals and radicals to express their own individualism of sentiment and idea. Second, despite the number of periodicals already in the field, pitifully like the sectarian exhibit of the churches in their numerousness and weakness, there is yet lack of room for publishing half the good stuff the forward-minded folks of America want to get over to the public, and much of which could be read to social advantage. Third, there is no such widespread support of liberal and radical periodicals as there might be with the right kind of cooperative organization and endeavor, nor any adequate use of the correspondence columns of the daily press by the more intelligent subscribers to the papers. Much else I could say, but these three items will suffice for the present.

What I have to add now is this, that we have already here an organization of the simplest character for promoting the liberal press, and liberal presentation of fact and idea. This organization is operating under the name of the *Cosman Service,* the word *Cosman* being but another way of expressing the double idea of *world view* and *world order.* I have called myself a Cosman, rather than an American or an Englishman for years. The Russell Tremain Committee was but an immediate and temporary Committee of this *Cosman Service,* which carries on under various and sundry appellations and divisions. More detailed information will be sent to whoever will write us, and send stamp for reply. It is enough to say that during the past fourteen months I have myself placed more than two hundred articles in approximately fifty widely separated publications through this program, and could have doubled or trebled the number had I taken the time to write and send the communications.

But this is only part of the service, and in a way the less important part. What we are seeking is such an organization of the liberal-minded folks of America on behalf of a wider circulation for the liberal journals of America as the Anti-Saloon League has achieved on behalf of the fight against the liquor traffic. We are not out to push, or to exclude in any spirit of favoritism, in any mood of prejudice, any worth-while publication, for which larger circulation is practicable. We are not seeking commissions or revenues for ourselves. As yet all the service is unsalaried service, and if the means come to hand we shall pay only for secretarial work, and the minimum of superintendence, at a democratic wage, and for such advertising as will both directly and indirectly contribute to the building up of the forward-looking press. If you are interested write us. We are concerned just now to get in touch with folks who will help us to put circulation behind the liberal papers, rather than with folks who want to see their names in print. If the liberals of America want the liberal word to be said, let them heed the text of this article, which is given at the end, and not the beginning. *"Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."* Or in everyday American, *Let those who want to see what a united, country-wide movement on behalf of a more liberal circulation of our journals of publicity for the people and independent, socially-minded opinion can do, say so.* If you are one of those write us, and we will advise with you as to how you can best cooperate with the rest of us to this end. Address *The Cosman Service,* La Crescenta, California.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

A New Year's Troth

The old year has slipped through the glass of time, taking with it a portion of my life.

For me a face has faded, a voice is stilled, a chair is empty; precious ambitions lay scattered like broken alabaster boxes, and my sky was oft tarnished by the low-hanging clouds of failure.

But I stand again at the threshold of eternity—the Land of Beginning again—, where the New Year wooes with an enchanting hope.

So I plight my troth to the Mystic Comrade by my side, who teaches me to read the meaning of life in the light of its high hours:

In my scars I see the ministry of redemption, and in my slow-healing wounds I read the gospel of Triumphant Life.

Each morn the world wrapped in winsome smiles unfolds, and I know the best is yet to be.

All through the year I shall work and play, sing and pray, dream and hope, suffer and love; for I was as one lonely and have found anew a friend who walketh ever by my side.

And since I have come out of the Silence, and shall return again into the Silence, as a pilgrim of time I will walk with faith the street of years.

—W. W. W. ARGOW.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART IV—CHAPTER XV

The Black Plague

I

The Indians were not removed from the location as soon as the municipality secured its ownership. It was necessary to find the residents a suitable place before dispossessing them, but as the municipality could not easily do it, the Indians were suffered to stay in the same "dirty" location, with this difference that their condition became worse than before. Having ceased to be proprietors they became tenants of the municipality with the result that their surroundings became more unsanitary than ever. When they were proprietors, they had to maintain some sort of cleanliness, if only for fear of the law. The municipality had no such fear! The number of tenants increased, and with them the squalor and the disorder.

While the Indians were fretting over this state of things, there was a sudden outbreak of the black plague, also called the pneumonic plague, more terrible and fatal than the bubonic.

Fortunately it was not the location but one of the gold mines in the vicinity of Johannesburg that was responsible for the outbreak. The workers in this mine were for the most part Negroes, for whose cleanliness their white employers were solely responsible. There were a few Indians also working in connection with the mine, twenty-three of whom suddenly caught the infection, and they came one evening to their quarters in the location with an acute attack of the plague. Sjt. Madanjit, who was then going about canvassing subscribers for *Indian Opinion* and realizing subscriptions, happened to be in the location at this moment. He was a remarkably fearless man. His heart wept to see these victims of the scourge, and he sent a pencil-note to me to the following effect: "There has been a sudden outbreak of the black plague. You must come immediately and take prompt measures, otherwise we should be prepared for dire consequences. Please come immediately."

Sjt. Madanjit bravely broke open the lock of a vacant house, and put all the patients there. I cycled to the location, and wrote to the Town Clerk to inform him of the circumstances under which we had taken possession of the house.

Dr. William Godfrey, who was practicing in Johannesburg, ran to the rescue as soon as he got the news, and became both nurse and doctor to the patients. But twenty-three patients were more than three of us could cope with.

It is my faith based on experience that if one's heart is pure calamity brings in its train men and measures to fight it. I had at that time four Indians in my office—Sjts. Kalyandas, Maneklal and two whose names I cannot recollect. Kalyandas had been entrusted to me by his father. I have rarely come across in South Africa men more obliging and willing to render implicit obedience than Kalyandas. He was fortunately unmarried then, and I therefore did not hesitate to impose on him duties involving risks, however great. Maneklal I had got hold of in Johannesburg. He, too, so far as I can remember, was unmarried. So I decided to sacrifice all the four—call them clerks, coworkers or sons. There was no need at all to consult Kalyandas. The others expressed their readiness as soon they were asked. "Where you are, we will also be," was the short and sweet reply they gave.

Mr. Ritch had a large family. He was ready to take the plunge, but I prevented him. I had not the heart to expose him to the risk. So he attended to the work outside the danger zone.

It was a terrible night,—that night of vigil and nursing. I had nursed a number of patients before, but never one attacked by the black plague. Dr. Godfrey's pluck proved infectious. There was not much nursing required. To give them their doses of medicine, to attend to their wants, to keep them and their beds clean and tidy, and to cheer them up,—was all that we had to do.

The indefatigable zeal and fearlessness with which the youths worked delighted me beyond measure. One could understand the bravery of Dr. Godfrey and of an experienced man like Sjt. Madanjit. But, oh, for the spirit of these callow youths!

So far as I can recollect, we pulled all of them through that night.

But the whole incident, apart from its pathos, is of such absorbing interest, and for me, of such religious value, that I must give it the next two chapters at least.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

My Prayer

Life's morn is past! The sun of noon
  Creeps up the sky; and I must work
With hand and brain for light fails soon!
  O Life, can I be true!

I chose not life! Life sought me out
  And gave me joy and pain, and faith
That right all lies and wrongs will rout.
  O Life, let me be true!

It's hard to breast the eager tide
  Of prejudices flowing free;
To win mankind to love from pride.
  O Life, let me be true!

I love my kind still madly turned
  To hate and strife and cruel war,
My kind for whom the martyrs yearned!
  O Life, let me be true!

The day fast wanes! The night is here!
  My work is left undone for all
Of purer deed and sight more clear.
  O Life, may they be true!

HOMER LEWIS SHEFFER.

The Study Table

Dr. Dole's Last Will and Testament

In a recent review of this book of reminiscences,* John Haynes Holmes says "Charles F. Dole is a saint." So may I say, Charles F. Dole is a hero. But one would hardly suspect it from reading Mr. Dole's own account of himself. And yet as one reads between the lines he sees the constant struggle and conquest that betrays the hero. The boy in his teens is possessed with the idea that he has committed the unpardonable sin. His mother makes some futile attempts to rid him of his bugaboo, and finally says, "If you have lost your soul, what do you expect to do about it, live right, or live wrong." And out of that came a philosophy of fear, or courage: when confronted with danger to say, "Well, what of it?"

Again, when almost enmeshed in a system of lucrative orthodoxy, he boldly cuts his way through to freedom by "the brave old wisdom of sincerity." Later on, comfortably ensconced in a church of owned pews, in which the head of the household sits in his easy chair with his women folks and children ranged around him on the less comfortable phases of the pew, this young knight, all unheralded, tilts at a strongly entrenched fortress of special privilege with lance tipped with the Golden Rule, and seems to fail. But because his heart is pure, he is allowed to keep his place and live to see the system gradually dying of its own inability to function in a world which has left it far behind.

As a champion of good causes, Mr. Dole has hardly anything to say of himself. But to these, however desperate, he was always sympathetic. As Mr. Dole's immediate successor I became accustomed to hearing from one and another of the various ways in which he had ranged himself on the side of causes which were desperately in need of help; preaching in the pulpit, writing in the newspapers, and in every gathering where he could get a hearing springing a resolution about something or other of which his colleagues had barely heard. "Resolution Dole" they used to call him, and deep down in their hearts, even those who would not vote for his resolution, loved him, or at any rate respected him for his broad humanitarianism, and his dogged persistency. But this is not in the book, unless by inference on the part of those who knew him.

Dole was a prophet of prophets. One of the best chapters of his story tells of his books. There is a certain wistfulness in the way in which with characteristic honesty he speaks of most of them as now among the dust-covered accumulations of the Beacon Press. Who of us who years ago was groping for a way out of the problem of prayer and read his tract on "Prayer" but acknowledges his gratitude to Dole for giving him the clue he so much needed. Or his "From Agnosticism to Theism." These messages, read by puzzled ministers, were storehouses of wisdom from which they fed their congregations. Years ago a young newspaper man spoke to his chief with disparagement of Godkin's *Nation* and of its small circulation. "Young man," was the reply, "don't you know that every editor in the country waits to see what Godkin says on a question before giving his own opinion?" So we younger men waited for Dole. Prophetic also was his word on "Religious Education." Most of what the church school tries to give, the child will get better at home and in day school. Give the young people a religious service, with beautiful music and attractive address or talk. So in his "Burden of Poverty" he singles out with nice accuracy the special privileges and excrescences and extravagances as the economic reasons why some people are poor. It is the special privilege of the owned pew in the industrial household which makes much of the trouble.

One of the unconscious bits of humor in the life story, especially to those of us who came to see at close range his militant pacifism was the story of young Dole doing his bit as a soldier in the Civil War, zealously guarding the old port of New Bedford. In the chapter on War he discloses the whole subject of his pacifism with a charity as beautiful as it is rare. It was my privilege to see how a man can bear himself when his soul and that of his loved ones has been stung almost beyond endurance by the whispered words of treason, pro-Germanism, and the like; when newspapers and pulpits, including that one to which he still bore the relation of minister emeritus, were closed to him, when no resolution he might present in any meeting of his colleagues would be listened to, when he had no means of knowing whether any of his old time friends and parishioners still trusted and loved him, when there was serious possibility that he might be proceeded against at any time by the department of justice, or when insult or violence might be done him by infuriated or hysterical people; then indeed the heroic in the man showed itself. Then his prophetic sense was revealed. He knew that a time must come when men would see that no good thing could come to humanity by the way of violence and wholesale slaughter. His philosophy of life included a good will at the heart of things which simply could not bring its beneficence to fruition but by including all men everywhere in its scope. And in the calm confidence of that faith, he walked with unbowed head in the face of the storm.

Whether that good will which he preached in season and out of season was indeed Absolute, or whether it was just "Dole's good will," as he laughingly used to say his colleagues called it, there was a gleam and a flash of something so supremely human that we are fain to say, if this is not a revelation of divinity, then there never has been one.

> Surely if any fame can bear the touch
> His will say "Here" at the last trumpet's call.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

*My Eighty Years, Charles F. Dole. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Good Stories

Here are two books, written by old friends, which we have read with unfeigned delight. Neither book is great; both books are fascinating.

The first,* another Sherlock Holmes volume by A. Conan Doyle, we read the moment we could lay our hands upon it. For Sherlock Holmes has been a favorite of ours ever since we made his acquaintance in "A Study in Scarlet." This was more than a generation ago. Since then we have read all the stories about this marvelous detective—"The Sign of the Four," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Adventures," "The Memoirs." We have never tired of him—least of all in this new book, for which we have had to wait

*"The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle. Published by George H. Doran Company.

so long. Many critics have described this latest collection of stories as inferior to the earlier ones. We do not agree at all! To us these stories are as ingenious, as thrilling, as original as any that have ever come from Doyle's pen. If they seem inferior, it is because we are familiar with the style, have learned the tricks, know what to expect. Had the "Case Book" been the first instead of the last of the long series, it would have created the same sensation. Sherlock Holmes still remains the greatest of all detectives. It is a pity that this, as Doyle so emphatically states, must be his last appearance.

The second book is the latest production by the indefatigable H. G. Wells.* This is distinctly to be classed with his inferior and less important novels—with "The Soul of a Bishop" and "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon," rather than with "Mr. Polly," "Tono-Bungay," or "The Passionate Friends." It is as though Mr. Wells were taking a vacation after the immense labor of "The World of William Clissold"! Yet does this book, "Meanwhile," contain every quality which helps to make Mr. Wells one of the greatest writers of the age. There are pages, whole chapters, which are among the most brilliant and beautiful that he has ever written. The setting of the story is perfect—the large house-party in the charming Italian villa, a happy and varied company of English people (with one cosmopolitan American!) thrown against the dark background of Fascism in Italy and the general strike in England. The characters are among Mr. Wells' most vivid creations—inside of a few pages, a swirling group of men and women are all clearly differentiated and adorned. There are characters which Dickens himself could not have improved. There is humor here—how funny Mr. Wells can be when he lets himself go! There are tragedy and pathos, and a few pages of swift, dramatic adventure. But, first as last, everything is swallowed up by the stupendous flood of the author's ideas about God, peace, social confusion, world organization, an international currency, labor and capital, etc., etc. Here is the latest distillation of everything that Mr. Wells has been giving us during the last two decades. In the beginning, it takes the form of a prolonged discussion of contemporary problems centering about a "Utopographer" named Mr. Sempach, a kind of fiction-covering for Mr. Wells himself; in the end, it appears in the form of lengthy letters about the general strike written from England by Philip to his wife in Italy. But it is all the outpouring of the Wellsian mind, as familiar and yet as fascinating as ever. How Mr. Wells can keep on talking so endlessly and fully, and yet not write a page that one would willingly miss—this is the supreme miracle of modern literary history. The artist is lost in the propagandist—undoubtedly! But what an immortal propagandist he is.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"Meanwhile," by H. G. Wells. Published by George H. Doran Company.

Correspondence

The Flood in India

Editor of UNITY:

Mahatma Gandhi has forwarded to me your draft of one hundred dollars as a first installment of contributions collected by you for the relief of the flood-stricken people in Gujerat, as I am in charge of the relief operations.

In the last week of July a terrible cyclone broke out suddenly and there was a heavy down-pour of continuous rain accompanied with high winds for nearly a week. This resulted in the overflowing of almost all the rivers, canals and tanks. Several villages especially those on banks of rivers were under water and have been completely washed away. Thousands of people have been rendered homeless, and crops, cattle and belongings have been lost on an extensive scale. But fortunately the total loss of human life in a tragedy of this magnitude has been comparatively very small. During the period of storm the Government machinery broke down completely. Post, telegraph, telephone, railway and all other modern means of communication failed and the city of Ahmedabad surrounded by water was isolated. The people were left to their own resources. The city of Baroda, the capital of His Highness the Gaekwar, was under water for three days. In several villages people saved their lives by taking shelter on trees, roofs and high level spots for days.

Mahatma Gandhi was away in the south touring, and owing to dislocation of communications could get no information of the disaster for days.

Nevertheless, the city of Ahmedabad has not suffered much damage compared to the countryside, and the Ashram, I am glad to say, has escaped almost completely, being situated on high banks of the river Sabarmati.

Long before the Government could recover from the shock and re-establish its normal machinery, we started relief operations by promptly setting up organizations throughout the affected parts, and I am happy to say that not a single soul in the vast area was allowed to suffer for want of food or clothes.

The work of reconstruction is now in progress and will take at least six months more.

I am sure you will rejoice to learn that the one thing that came to the people's rescue during this disaster was the lesson of self-help and self-reliance so effectively taught by Mahatma Gandhi during the past ten years. In fact his teachings were on trial in his absence and he was so happy to learn that his people acquitted themselves nobly.

Thanking you once more for your deep sympathy and for your kind assistance.

VALLABHBHAI J. PATEL,
President, Gujerat Provincial Congress Committee.
Ahmedabad, India.

The Lausanne Conference

Editor of UNITY:

Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, in a recent address, evidently struck straight from the shoulder. He deplored the waste of our religious resources and urged "a 50-year holiday in religious controversies of all varieties." We already have enough modernists writing to do us, and far too much fundamentalist writing. Most of the discussion, he said, "means exactly nothing to the 59,000,000 in this country still untouched by the church"; and it is time to "begin to live some of the principles that are the basis of our religion."

One wonders whether this is Dr. Cadman's reaction to the proceedings of the great church conference on faith and order at Lausanne in August. Dr. Cadman was one of the American delegates and one of the speakers at that conference. Almost all of the Christian churches of the world were there represented to consider the basis for unity and co-operation. Undeniably, it did good. There was a pervasive spirit of friendship and tolerance and sincerity throughout, not always true of such conferences, and that is a good deal. But the conference had to do with externals, at a time when the suffering and struggling world cries to have religion bring itself to bear with power on life. Two whole days were given to discussing the credentials of the Christian ministry, and all the speakers were looking backward.

Churchmen have a great deal to say about "the freedom wherewith Christ has made us free," but when it comes to church affairs they show much less freedom than men considering political affairs or anything else. What

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet

Austria.—The unrest of last July has not yet died down. The Social Democrats, who on that occasion supported those who took part in the demonstration, displayed at their recent Party Day a more reasonable and conciliatory spirit than on that of the previous year. Unfortunately their political opponents, the bourgeois Coalition parties led by the Christian Socialists, see in this attenuation of their attitude a sign of weakness and are trying to make use of it for their own ends.

At the present moment the most important task of Austrian pacifists is to attempt to overcome the hatred between the parties, which has found its ultimate expression in the creation and maintenance of military organizations—the "Republican Defense Corps" (Republikanischer Schutzbund) on the one hand and the "Home Defence" (Heimwehr) on the other.

A small committee has been formed for internal disarmament. This committee is attempting to find representatives of both parties who will agitate publicly for internal disarmament.

* * *

France.—*Conscientious Objector at Rouen.*—On October 7, George Chevé appeared before the military tribunal at Rouen on a charge of "insubordination in time of peace." Chevé stated on his arrest that his refusal of military service was based entirely on conscientious grounds. The Colonel who presided over the tribunal, remarked that the law was the law and that he was paid to compel obedience to the law, to which Chevé replied: "I obey my conscience: that is my law."

The professional military representative acting as the Government prosecutor testified to the sincerity of Chevé, but spoke at length on the duties of a citizen to his country and the necessity for patriotism and defence against aggression.

The Colonel added that he had tried to understand the attitude of the conscientious objector and had failed. In his opinion, natural defence and the French written law were more important than the law of conscience.

In his speech for the Defence, Maitre Mauranges said that if the old and barbarous adage: "If you desire peace, prepare for war" still held good for the professional fighters, there were those who had substituted for this dictum: "If you desire peace, prepare for peace." Conscientious objection was a question which was being thrashed out in every land, and everywhere men were declaring before military tribunals: "I will not kill."

In reply to the usual question as to whether he had anything to add in his defence, Chevé said firmly that he would never consent to be a soldier.

The Court Martial decided unanimously that Chevé was guilty and a sentence of six months' imprisonment was passed.

"*La Paix par le Droit*" commemorated its fortieth anniversary at Nimes from October 30 to November 1. 150 delegates from 42 different branches were present.

* * *

Jugo-Slavia.—*The Nazarenes in Jugo-Slavia.*—Since 1914, nearly 2,000 men of military age have been in conflict with the military authorities. They are professing Christians, who call themselves "Nazarenes." Most of them are Serbs from the Vojvodina region.

In August 1924, the Nazarenes refused to take the oath of fidelity to the King. They were all imprisoned, but fortunately were soon released as this happened on the eve of the parliamentary elections, and a deputation was sent to the Minister of War for their release.

In August of last year, 300 men were called up for two months' military service. They refused, quoting the Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." In December of the same year, the military tribunal condemned each of them to 10 years' imprisonment. This was felt to be an absurd sentence, and as a result of the intervention of various people, these men were released.

In June, they were again called up for military service. Eighty-eight Nazarenes refused on August 2, at Subotica, to take up arms. The officer in command did all he could to try and persuade them to be "reasonable," but his arguments were met by quotations from the Scriptures, and not one of the Nazarenes gave way.

At Belgrade, on August 4, three men who had already refused to do military service in 1921 were summoned before the military tribunal. In 1921 they had each been condemned to 5 years and 8 months' imprisonment. On their release from prison, after having served their full sentence, they were deprived of their rights as citizens, and believed that they had done with the army once and for all. On April 1, however, they were once again called up. They were informed that they had been pardoned and that their rights as citizens had been restored to them—therefore they were once again eligible for military service. Their protest that they had never applied for an amnesty was of no avail, and this time they were condemned by the tribunal to 11 years and 6 months' imprisonment. They are now serving their sentence, and apparently will go on being imprisoned and pardoned and imprisoned again until they are 50 years old, unless some new law is passed in the meantime.

* * *

New Zealand.—An interesting case came before the Auckland police court

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would be thought of the religious statesman who argued that we ought to have emperors because it was an emperor who convened the council of Nicea; or a king because the head of the English church and state at the time of the Reformation was a king? We ask simply what kind of a government is best for us here and now, with no painful reference to our political grandfathers. The choice and consent of the governed is what concerns us; and if an existing form does not suit us, we change it.

Not so Lausanne. The question was hardly raised what form of government was best for the churches today, under the varied existing conditions. The learned-ecclesiasts painfully asked and debated what was the form of government in the apostolic time and in the primitive church. If that could be determined, that settled it; that was everlastingly prescriptive. The Presbyterian said that government was presbyterian; the Episcopalians said it was episcopal. The Greek metropolitan said that only through the episcopate was the faith transmitted and preserved. That was the whole story, and no previous question need be raised. That the apostolic church was necessarily managed by the apostles—call them bishops—precisely because it was a missionary church—planting churches over Asia and Greece, was a point hardly emphasized; what was once true in Ephesus must be forever in Geneva and Chicago.

Even in England there is a momentous agonizing on this subject, almost as much as over the burning issue, whether the "reserved" elements shall be stored in a receptacle on the north side of the "sanctuary," or in the "tabernacle" on the altar. The Church of England people will be willing to recognize Congregationalists if, and only if, they will have episcopal ordination superimposed on their congregational ordination; and for the sake of peace, some of these have been pusillanimous enough to yield the point.

Boston. BRADLEY STONE.

Praise For the League of Nations

Editor of UNITY:

Please find enclosed herewith P. O. money order for $3.00 for which extend my subscription for UNITY one more year. . . . I enjoy reading Gandhi's autobiography and your stand on militarism, but am sorry you are opposed to the League of Nations. To be sure it is not perfect but it is a move in the right direction and in time the undesirable features in connection with it will no doubt be removed. Hoping you may at least take an attitude of goodwill towards it I am your friend,

HENRY STANDING

West Branch, Iowa.

The Tremain Case

Editor of UNITY:

Let me say with great pleasure and profound appreciation that the letter which you published about the Tremains brought me more responses than any other publicity I have had, an astonishingly wide-spread and varied response. I congratulate you on the great audience you are reaching and the fine service you are rendering.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

PRAYERS

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when Mr. A. M. Richards, a divinity student, appealed for exemption from military training. Under cross-examination Mr. Richards said he "thought war was wholesale murder and he would be failing in his Christian duty if he did not oppose preparations for it." The magistrate, after making scornful and bitter remarks, added: "You are very young, and you will find that while you continue to live in a civilized community you will have to obey its external law regardless of conscience. I will not fine you heavily on this first occasion, but if you appear again you will be dealt with differently." A fine of £1 was imposed.

This student received many letters from all parts of the Dominions approving his attitude. The Presbyterian Church however was weak in its support. Several clergymen openly stated that if Mr. Richards persisted in his "defiant attitude" he must stand alone.

* * *

CARTOON CONTEST

The *Birth Control Review* offers the following prizes for cartoons or drawings symbolizing the Birth Control Movement.

First Prize, $50.00.
Second Prize, $25.00.
Third Prize, $15.00.
Fourth Prize, $10.00.

The drawings must be in black ink on white paper for direct reproduction on zinc.

The drawings must be in the proportions of 6 to 7 and must be capable of very great reduction or enlargement.

Literature giving the particulars needed by contestants as to the work and objects of the Birth Control Movement may be obtained at Room 1904, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Application may be made by mail.

The prize winning cartoons will appear in the Birth Control Review and on publications of the American Birth Control League, to which sole rights of reproduction must be surrendered. Original drawings will be returned; contestants are requested to enclose stamps.

The contest closes January 15th, 1928.

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